Numb. 237

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas
Corpora. —— Ovid.

From *Thurſday October* 12. to *Saturday October* 14. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

COming Home laſt Night before my uſual Hour, I took a Book into my Hand, in order to divert my ſelf with it till Bed-Time. *Milton* chanced to be my Author, whoſe admirable Poem of *Paradiſe Loſt* ſerves at once to fill the Mind with pleaſing Idea's and with good Thoughts, and was therefore the moſt proper Book for my Purpoſe. I was amuſing my ſelf with that beautiful Paſſage in which the Poet repreſents *Eve* ſleeping by *Adam*'s Side, with the Devil ſitting at her Ear, and inſpiring evil Thoughts under the Shape of a Toad. *Ithuriel*, one of the Guardian Angels of the Place, walking his Nightly Rounds, ſaw the Great Enemy of Mankind hid in this loathſom Animal, which he touched with his Spear. This Spear being of a Celeſtial Temper, had ſuch a ſecret Virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to immediately flung off all Diſguiſe, and appeared in its natural Figure. I am afraid the Reader will not pardon me, if I content my ſelf with explaining the Paſſage in Proſe, without giving it in the Author's own inimitable Words.

---------- *On he led his radiant Files,*
Dazzling the Morn: Theſe to the Bower direct,
In ſearch of whom they ſought. Him there they found,
Squat like a Toad, cloſe at the Ear of Eve;
Eſſaying by his deviliſh Art to reach
The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge
Illuſions, as he liſt, Phantaſms, and Dreams;
Or if, inſpiring Venom, he might taint
The Animal Spirits, (that from pure Blood ariſe
Like gentle Breaths from Rivers pure) thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtempered, diſcontented Thoughts,
Vain Hopes, vain Aims, inordinate Deſires,
Blown up with high Conceits, ingendring Pride.
Him thus Intent, Ithuriel *with his Spear*
Touch'd lightly; for no Falſhood can endure
Touch of Celeſtial Temper, but returns
Of Force to his own Likeneſs. Up he ſtarts,
Diſcover'd and ſurpriz'd. As when a Spark
Lights on a Heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun, ſome Magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumour'd War, the ſmutty Grain,
With ſudden Blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air;
So ſtarted up in his own Shape the Fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a Man would be in the Poſſeſſion of this Spear, or what an Advantage it would be to a Miniſter of State, were he Maſter of ſuch a White Staff. It would let him diſcover his Friends from his Enemies, Men of Abilities from Pretenders. It would hinder him from being impoſed upon by Appearances and Profeſſions, and might be made Uſe of as a Kind of State Teſt which no Artifice could elude.

Theſe Thoughts made very lively Impreſſions on my Imagination, which were improved inſtead of being defaced by Sleep, and produced in me the following Dream. I was no ſooner fallen aſleep, but, methoughts, the Angel *Ithuriel* appeared to me, and, with a Smile that ſtill added to his Celeſtial Beauty, made me a Preſent of the Spear which he held in his Hand, and diſappeared. To make Trials of it I went into a Place of publick Reſort.

The firſt Perſon that paſſed by me was a Lady that had a particular Shyneſs in the Caſt of her Eye, and a more than ordinary Reſervedneſs in all the Parts of her Behaviour. She ſeemed to look upon Man as an obſcene Creature, with a certain Scorn and Fear of him. In the Height of her Airs I touched her gently with my Wand, when to my unſpeakable Surprize ſhe fell upon her Back, and kicked up her Heels in ſuch a Manner as made me bluſh in my Sleep. As I was haſting away from this undiſguiſed Prude, I ſaw a Lady in earneſt Diſcourſe with another, and overheard her ſay with ſome Vehemence, Never tell me of him, for I am reſolved to die a Virgin. I had a Curioſity to try her; but as ſoon as I laid my Wand upon her Head, ſhe immediately fell in Labour. My Eyes were diverted from her by a Man and his Wife, who walked near me Hand and Hand, after a very loving Manner. I gave each of them a gentle Tap, and the next Inſtant ſaw the Woman in Breeches, and the Man with a Fan in his Hand. It would be tedious to deſcribe the long Series of Metamorphoſes that I entertained my ſelf with in my Night's Adventure, of Whigs diſguiſed in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; Men in Red Coats that denounced Terror in their Countenances, trembling at the Touch of my Spear; others in Black, with Peace in their Mouths, but Swords in their Hands. I could tell Stories of Noblemen changed into Uſurers, and Magiſtrates into Beadles; of Free-Thinkers into Penitents, and Reformers into Whoremaſters. I muſt not however omit the Mention of a grave Citizen that paſſed by me with an huge Claſped Bible under his Arm, and a Band of a moſt immoderate Breadth; but upon a Touch on the Shoulder, he let drop his Book, and fell a picking my Pocket.

In the general I obſerved, that thoſe who appeared good, often diſappointed my Expectation; but

it that on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the Experiment; as the Toad in *Milton*, which one would have thought the most deformed Part of the Creation, at *Ithuriel*'s Stroke became more deformed, and started up into a Devil.

Among all the Persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the Test of my Wand, and after many Repetitions of the Stroke, stuck to his Form, and remained steady and fixed in his first Appearance. This was a young Man, who boasted of foul Distempers, wild Debauches, Insults upon Holy Men, and Affronts to Religion.

My Heart was extremely troubled at this Vision. The Contemplation of the whole Species so entirely sunk in Corruption, filled my Mind with a Melancholy that is inexpressible, and my Discoveries still added to my Affliction.

In the Midst of these Sorrows which I had in my Heart, methoughts there passed by me a Couple of Coaches with Purple Liveries. There sat in each of them a Person with a very venerable Aspect. At the Appearance of them, the People who were gathered round me in great Multitudes divided into Parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those Reverend Persons. The Enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my Wand, and assured me, I should see his Lawn converted into a Cloak: The opposite Party told me with as much Assurance, that if I laid my Wand upon the other, I should see his Garments embroidered with Flower-de-Luces, and his Head covered with a Cardinal's Cap. I made the Experiment, and to my great Joy saw them both without any Change, distributing their Blessings to the People, and praying for those who had reviled them. Is it possible, thought I, that good Men, who are so few in Number, should be divided among themselves, and give better Quarter to the Vicious that are in their Party, than the most strictly Virtuous who are out of it? Are the Ties of Faction above those of Religion? — I was going on in my Soliloquies, but some sudden Accident awakened me; when I found my Hand grasped, but my Spear gone. The Reflection on so very odd a Dream made me figure to my self, What a strange Face the World would bear, should all Mankind appear in their proper Shapes and Characters, without Hypocrisy and Disguise? I am afraid, the Earth we live upon would appear to other Intellectual Beings, no better than a Planet peopled with Monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest Ambition of recommending our selves to those invisible Spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one Circumstance in my foregoing Dream which I at first intended to conceal; but upon second Thoughts, I cannot look upon my self as a candid and impartial Historian, if I do not acquaint my Reader, that upon taking *Ithuriel*'s Spear into my Hand, tho' I was before an old decrepid Fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black Man. But I know my Enemies will say, this is praising my own Beauty, for which Reason I will speak no more of it.

Advertisements.

DRop'd last Night between the Bank and Cheapside Conduit, a Paper rolled up, wherein was a Form for a Bank Note, wrote in Red Ink. Whoever brings it to Mr. Pain at the Three Tun Tavern in Newgate-street, shall have 2 s. 6 d. Reward, it being of no Value or Use to any but the Owner.

ALL Sorts of fine Silks and Mercery Goods for Blank Lottery Tickets, at 7 l. 10 s. a Ticket, and sold as cheap as for Specie, at the Eagle and Child on Ludgate Hill

THE Shop now in the Possession of Jacob Tonson at Gray's-Inn-Gate is to be let.

TO be sold by the Importer, several Pipes of excellent Canary, neat, and fit for Draught, now a crackling. Enquire at Will's Coffee-house by the Royal-Exchange.

AT the GREAT WHEAT-SHEAF painted upon a Copper Plate, next the Bell-Savage-Inn on Ludgate-hill, are sold all Sorts of rich Foreign Silk, with Gold and Silver Brocades: Likewise plain and flower'd Velvets for Gowns and Petticoats, and Coach Linings; with all Sorts of Silk Morning-Gowns, for Blank Lottery Tickets, at as high a Price as any Person shall give for them, and the abovesaid Goods as cheap as for Specie.

BLank Lottery Tickets will be taken at 7 l. 12 s. for all Sorts of fine Silks, Silk Morning-Gowns, &c. as cheap as for Ready Money, at the Star upon Ludgate-hill, the Corner of the Old-Baily, next Ludgate.

MOrning-Gowns for Men and Women, of Silk, Stuffs, and Callicoe's (being the Goods of Persons that failed) which were to be disposed of at the Olive-Tree and Still, are now to be sold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up one Pair of Stairs, over-against the Horse at Charing-Cross; with a fresh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being set on each Gown.

MR. Fary's 16 s. Bohee Tea; not much inferior in Goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea, is sold by himself only at the Bell in Gracechurch-street. Note, the best Foreign Bohee Tea is worth 30 s. a Pound; so that what is sold at 20 s. or 24 s. must be either Sea-faring Tea, or mix'd with a proportionate Quantirity of damaged Green or Bohee, the worst of which will remain Black after Infusion.

The most valuable Parcel of Goods ever yet exposed to Sale, to be seen at the Naked Boy in Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

THis is to give Notice, That Mrs. Symonds's Sale of a Japan'd Cabinet, and weighty Plate, being near full (in which, besides the Number of large Prizes, there are but 11 Blanks a Prize) will be drawn within a Fortnight. Tickets are to be had at Mr. Wyvill's, a Silkman, at the Blue Boar near the Conduit in Cheapside; Mr. Lillie's, Perfumer, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings; Mrs. Page's, a Milliner, in King-street, Westminster; at Mr. Clark's China-shop in King street, Guildhall; Mrs. Symonds's in Exeter-Exchange-court in the Strand; Mr. Skinman's, Distiller, in St. James's Market; and at the Naked Boy in Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, at 5 s. per Ticket.

ONE Hundred Pounds for Half a Crown: Or, Proposals for several Prizes, by Mr. William Morris; a fine Diamond Cross set transparent with a Button all Brilliants, Plate, Adasses on Silk, six Silk Night-Gowns, and several other valuable Things. It's proposed to deliver out by Subscription Two Thousand Five Hundred Tickets, in which there are 177 Prizes, the highest 100 l. the lowest 11 s. and 13 Blanks to a Prize. Tickets to be had at Mrs. Pinkney's, a Milliner, in Tavistock-street, next to the Cheesemonger's in Southampton-street in Bedford-Buildings; Mr. Andrews's, Glover, at the Ball and Glove in Charles-court in the Strand, near York-Buildings; Mr. Green's in Cary-lane, near Goldsmiths-hall; Mr. Barnard's, Gloveseller, at Mr. Tompion's, the Corner of Water-lane, Fleet-street; Mr. Stokoe's, Bookseller, at the Key and Bible against the Mews-gate, Charing-Cross. Note, The Goods are to be seen at Mr. Andrews's aforesaid, and will certainly be drawn on Thursday the 26th Instant, out of two Wheels by two Parish Boys, at the Great Room in York-Buildings.

NOtice is hereby given, That Mrs. Ogle's Catalogue of Plate, 20 l. for 6 d. being very near full, will be drawn on the 25th Instant. There being some Tickets still to be disposed of, all Persons that have a Mind to be Adventurers are desired to take them out speedily, at Mrs. Ogle's against Montague-house; at Mr. Sedgwick's, Hair-Cutter, in the Strand; at Mr. Green's, a Hatter, at the Catherine Wheel Inn in the Borough of Southwark; at Joe's Coffee-house, Hatton-Garden; at Mr. Ralfe's at the Black-Lion in Shoemakers-Row near Aldgate; at Mrs. Carter's, a Butterwoman, in Clare-Market by Clement's-Inn; and at Mr. Banistad's, Furrier, at the White Lion and Crown in Walbrook.

THE Goods to be disposed of at 1 s. per Ticket, the highest Prize 4 l. 10 s. and but three Blanks to a Prize, which were to be had at Mr. Higgins's at the Painterers-Arms in Grub-street, and at Mr. Farmer's in Ivy-lane, will be drawn the 18th Instant; where any Gentlemen or Ladies that are willing to adventure, may come and draw their Tickets, and take their Prizes with them: And for the Encouragement of the Adventurers, as any Prize is drawn, there will be one put in of the same Value, that to the last will have the same Advantage as the first.

*** The Most Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World, which smell'd to, Momentarily reaches the most dismal Fainting or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Flushings, Vapours Paines, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all Heavy Sleepiness, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Use admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful although never so sad, and in a Moment raises all the sensitive Faculties. It's also to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cause; for it potently relieves, comforts and strengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickness from it, helps Digestion, cleanses the Blood; and in a Word, is the greatest Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick possible; therefore is extream necessary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only sold at Mr. King's, Picture-shop in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's at the Golden Buck, Picture-shop, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2 s. 6 d. each, with printed Directions.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where Advertisements are taken in.